

The Daily Courier.

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THE DAILY COURIER.
 Published by
 H. P. SNYDER,
 President and Managing Editor.
 JAMES J. HESS,
 Secretary and Treasurer.
 Advertising and Circulation Manager.

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TELEPHONE RING.
 CITY EDITOR: H. P. SNYDER, Room 12, Two Rings, Tri-State, 55, Two Rings.
 BUSINESS OFFICE: JOHN AND CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT, Room 12, One Ring, Tri-State, 55, One Ring.
 H. P. SNYDER, Editor and Manager, Room 12.

SUBSCRIPTION.
 DAILY, \$1 per year, in copy.
 WEEKLY, \$1 per year, in copy.
 PAY 50 CENTS per copy, but only to collectors with proper credentials.
 Any irregularities or carelessness in the delivery of The Courier to homes by the carriers in Connellsville or our agents in other towns should be reported to this office at once.

ADVERTISING.
 THE DAILY COURIER is the only daily newspaper in the Connellsville coke region which has the best advertising rates for a daily paper. It prints for distribution, in large quantities, at special rates. Advertising rates on application.
 THE WEEKLY COURIER is the recognized authority in the Connellsville coke trade. It has special value as an industrial journal and an advertising medium for such interests.

MONDAY EVENING, APR. 19, 1915.
LIVE WATER QUESTIONS.
 The Connellsville Water Company defends its action in forcing some 133 water meters upon its customers without their consent by declaring in a published statement that the average rate of the consumer for the quarter ending April 1st was \$2.72 as against an average of \$1.25 under the flat rate.

We are not prepared to discuss these figures, further than to say that this comparison is made during the one quarter in the year when consumers use less water than any other, and to compare the water company's policy upon its new policy of cutting down the cost of its water to the public.

The water meter may be quite the little economist it is claimed to be, but under its old contract the water company had no right to force its meters upon its consumers, and it ought not to have that right under the schedule of rates of its own making which it has filed with the Public Service Commission without any objection on the part of the city authorities.

It is unfortunate, we think, that the Connellsville water question is not approached from a different and more businesslike angle. If Connellsville can buy its water as cheaply as it will cost the city to produce it there is no earthly use in piling up a large indebtedness for the purpose of purchasing the water plant.

That question should be first considered and fought out. If relief is not found there, it will then be time to talk about buying the water plant. We are wasting time pattering over a second-hand purchase. It's a cheap water we are seeking, not trouble.

AN UNHAPPY EDITOR.
 The publisher of the Democratic Intention Standard is tired of his job. With the close of the week's labor on Saturday he sighed heavily and wearily wrote:

Behind the day of rest, it comes on the morning.
 There ought to be one day of work and six days of rest.

Then follows this paragraph in which the editor reveals the secret of his tired and wearily feeling:

What's the use of this long easy sitting? The more we advance the more unhappy we become.

In other words, the more the editor advances the more the editor becomes unhappy. The more the editor advances the more the editor becomes unhappy.

RAILROADS ARE HUMAN.
 It costs the railroad considerable sums to prevent people from trespassing on their tracks, yet such trespass is of no immediate interest to the railroad. The people who walk their tracks and cross their bridges do them no damage, that such persons expose themselves to danger and death and it is this calamity that the railroad seeks to prevent.

At Point Marion, for example, the Baltimore & Ohio has been compelled to employ a watchman and armed forces of people in order to break up the dangerous practice of walking over the railroad bridge at that point. The county has provided a bridge, but it is not quite so convenient as the railroad bridge. Some people have to be saved from themselves if they have to be put in jail to do it.

In the meantime, the railroad is becoming more human.

A BASE DEFLECTION.
 The Connellsville coke operators are having a hard time of it this year. With coke selling next to nothing, the operators thought to make some profit out of the coke. They decided to produce and to determine to charge a modest sum for their coke which is a change for street paving material, but no more. Was the decision wise and is the coke worth the cost?

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NOT A CHANCE.

With Barnes and Roosevelt threatening their differences in New York, the Allegheny county factions scrambling over local offices, and Governor Brumbaugh and the state organization leaders not quite in harmony at Harrisburg, the Democrats are sitting up and wondering whether they will have another chance to profit by Republican division.

There is not a chance that they will. The People are going to rule in 1916, and the Democrats and their petty ambitions had better keep step with the procession or they will be badly stepped upon.

In Henry Baker Kelley's opinion to become the William Randolph Hearst of Fayette county?

"The chief excuse for trading stamps and like devices is that the premium offered by mail order houses necessitate the employment of devices of that sort in self defense," says the Uniontown Record. Wouldn't it be better to give home-buyers the benefit of the cost of these premiums which now goes out of town, and thus set the first example of home-trading?

Governor Brumbaugh is opposed to a large home building in a second term. He thinks that if the Governor cannot run for a second term, the business should have no such privilege.

An agricultural implement manufacturer is flooding the newspaper offices with requests for editorial support of the proposition that the public should cut potatoes "for the farmer's sake." We should say that the people should cut potatoes for their own sake. There is no better food than potatoes, and as a rule none cheaper.

The Governor swings a sharp veto ax.

Miss John D. Rockefeller left her private fortune to charity. She probably felt that her husband had enough to keep him out of the poorhouse, but she didn't figure on the income tax.

Chicago is having a building strike. In some sections of the country such a strike would be impossible.

Connellsville coke practice is not always being improved upon, but it is like the Missouri man. However, every now and then somebody shows the operators a new trick, and it is usually an old hand who does it.

The American visitors to London at this season are likely to have a bomb time of it.

City license tax for 1915 must be paid before May 1st. License tax is a cash levy. The city can't afford to take any chances on this tax. It's not like other taxes. Merchants come and go, while land and houses stay on forever.

The Fayette county gallows might be sold at bargain price by advertising it in the South and West, where they are still straining them upon the trees.

The installation of sewer systems is encouraged by the state, but the Department of Health is vigilant in seeing that they are of proper planning and construction.

Secretary Bryan wants the next Democratic candidate for President to run on a Grape Juice platform. The next Democratic candidate will be President Wilson and he will run on the platform of Democratic achievement. This will not, however, include Secretary Bryan's Chautauqua triumph.

East Park has more friends at court than it formerly had.

The Baltimore & Ohio is planning ambitiously when it plans to employ some but men superior in mental and physical endowment. These Democrats are times will not last long. When Republican rule and Republican policies are restored there will be a job for everybody, and railroad will then be unable to secure supermen at common men's wages.

"I was never more lullish," Henry C. Fick is quoted as saying. He probably banks on the election of a Republican administration next year.

The Hon. Bill Reel, Secretary of Commerce and General Advertising Agent of the Wilson Administration, says the depression in business is caused by the European war, yet if it were not for the export business which the demands of the war have created the industrial uplift would have been still lingering in the twilight zone.

Roosevelt and Barnes are getting ready to tell all they know about each other's political connections and campaign methods. Perhaps it won't be so startling after all. In fact, perhaps it won't start at all.

The Struggle of Titans.

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MODERN MEAT MARKETS

Your attention is respectfully called to the modern sanitary meat markets of the Union Supply Company. We make a specialty of supplying our customers with the choicest meats, at the lowest possible prices. Our customers are assured of getting the best as well as the most wholesome meats and meat products that the markets afford. Our prices also are lower than any legitimate competition that is furnishing meats in the coke region, and our facilities for supplying wholesome foods in a sanitary manner are very superior to any of our competitors. All of our stocks are government inspected; guaranteed to be absolutely pure and wholesome food, and a visit to a Union Supply Company meat market will convince you of the desirability of becoming one of their thousands of customers.

Union Supply Co.

63 Large Department Stores
 Located in Fayette, Westmoreland and Allegheny Counties.

No Shoe Store

Can sell better shoes than Hooper & Long's Store.
 In the quality of materials;
 In the workmanship;
 In the wearing qualities; or
 In the satisfaction they give to the wearer.
 The same quality cannot be bought cheaper in any store.
 All the new styles are here for men, women and children.

HOOPER & LONG

His Success

"The tide turned when I stopped scattering my shots and centered my advertising in the daily newspapers."
 So a well-known Chicago merchant summed up the beginnings of his very great success.
 The same story is told by hundreds of other successful business men.
 They found when they had a real message that the place to tell it was in the advertising columns of the newspapers.
 People read it and their quick response shows that they were on the lookout for this very sort of news.

See America First; Railway Stations

By GEORGE FITCH,
 Author of "At Good Old Swath."

America is not very strong on cathedrals and vast, resounding palaces, papered with the works of Rubens, but it is the only country in which a tourist may spend a profitable week looking at railway stations.

America is now building its railway stations big enough to accommodate not only locomotives but thunderstorms. No depot in this country is considered less than a masterpiece of architecture.

These modern stations are built of granite and marble in beautiful designs, patterned after the works of Rubens, but it is the only country in which a tourist may spend a profitable week looking at railway stations.

The tourist should begin in New York, which has two stations, each as large as a city. The Grand Central station is a masterpiece of architecture, and the Madison Avenue station is a masterpiece of architecture.

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Classified Advertisements.

One Cent a Word.
 No advertisements for Less Than 15 Cents.
 Classified columns close at noon. Advertisements of wants, sales, etc., received after that hour will not appear until the day following.

Wanted.
WANTED—YOUR BARRIBURG BUSINESS. RENTING. 12apr15
WANTED—GENERAL HOUSEWORK in private family. Write P. O. 557. 12apr15

WANTED—MAID FOR GENERAL housework. None under 20 need apply. Call 118 E. MAIN ST. 12apr15
WANTED—TWO OR THREE experienced men for housekeeping. Address "The Courier," 12apr15

WANTED—COLLECTOR WHO IS not afraid to work in Connellsville and nearby towns. Salary \$1200 per week. Apply by letter to "Collector," Connellsville Courier. 12apr15

WANTED—RAILWAY MAIL clerks. \$7500 month. Call 118 E. MAIN ST. 12apr15
WANTED—CAPABLE SALESMAN by established manufacturing company. Selling a durable household specialty. Selling for cash, or on easy payment plan. Position must be filled at once. Write P. O. 557, Connellsville, Pa. 12apr15

For Rent.
FOR RENT—SIX ROOM HOUSE with bath, centrally located. Address B. M. Currier. 12apr15
FOR RENT—DESIRABLE OFFICE rooms with private lavatory in the SAUTZ BUILDING, West Side. 12apr15

FOR RENT—FINE LARGE STORE rooms in the SAUTZ OFFICE BUILDING, West Side. 12apr15
FOR RENT—6 ROOM HOUSE WITH bath, 221 S. Prospect street. Inquire E. P. HETZEL, Terry, Pa. 12apr15

FOR RENT—FIVE ROOMED HOUSE with bath. Newly finished interior. MRS. C. H. HOOP, 517 Johnston avenue. 12apr15
FOR RENT—AFTER APRIL 30, 3 furnished rooms with bath, pantry and garden; 116 S. Second street, West Side. 12apr15

FOR RENT—2 OR 3 UNFURNISHED rooms for light housekeeping; 408 E. Washington avenue. Bell Phone 1128. 12apr15
FOR RENT—THE NEW EMPLOYE Theatre. Size of room, 28x115 feet. Good location. Rent \$300 per month. Michael Hurley Estate. JOHN IRWIN, Trustee. 12apr15

For Sale.
FOR SALE—A GOOD RUGGY cheap to quick buyer. Inquire Blackwell Shop, Snyderstown. 12apr15
FOR SALE—TWO SMALL FARMS with best of everything, with out under. Bargain, quick buyer. 6160 IL. CRAMER, Mount Pleasant, Pa. 12-14-1915

FOR SALE—FARM—712 ACRES Allegheny County, 10 miles from Pottsville; seven room house, barn, good water; 12 miles from station; bargain. Address R. 214, The Courier. 12-14-1915

FOR SALE—SOUTH CONNELLSVILLE 1000. Convenient, cheap, every term. Inquire at THE COURIER OFFICE. 12-14-1915

FOR SALE—20 ACRES IN CHEROKEE tract section of Southwest Texas, 187 miles south of San Antonio. A bargain. For particulars address BOX 111, Connellsville, Pa. 12-14-1915

Attorney-at-Law.
 C. D. BARR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Title & Trust Bldg., Connellsville, Pa. 12apr15

It's partly hard I look the world straight in the face and keep smiling. There's kitting 't is almost as many folks who pretend 't be poor as there are who pretend 't be rich.

England in Dread as Count Zeppelin Directs Air Raids

The image is a composite illustration. On the left is a black and white portrait of Count Zeppelin, a man with a mustache and a high-collared uniform. To his right is a map of the North Sea region, showing the English Channel, the North Sea, and parts of England, France, Germany, and Holland. The map is labeled with various cities and locations, including London, Cuxhaven, and the English Channel. A scale of miles is provided at the bottom right of the map, ranging from 0 to 150. In the foreground, a large Zeppelin airship is shown, with its characteristic rigid hull and multiple sets of lifting gas cells. The airship is depicted in a side profile, showing its long, cylindrical body and the complex arrangement of gas cells and structural ribs. The background of the entire image is a dark, textured surface, possibly representing the sky or a night scene.

**Be Better Looking—Take
Edwards' Olive Tablets**

If your skin is yellow—complete pallor—tongue coated—appetite poor—stomach bad—head aches—your mind lazy, no-neck feeling—you should take **Olive Tablets.**

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets—a little for calomel—were prepared by Dr. J. C. Edwards, 25 years of age, with his parents.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are purely vegetable compounds—made of olive oil. You will know them by the **olive color.**

If you want a clear, pink skin, bright eyes, no pimples, a feeling of buoyancy, all the good days, you must get the cause.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets act on liver and bowels like calomel—yet have no dangerous after effects.

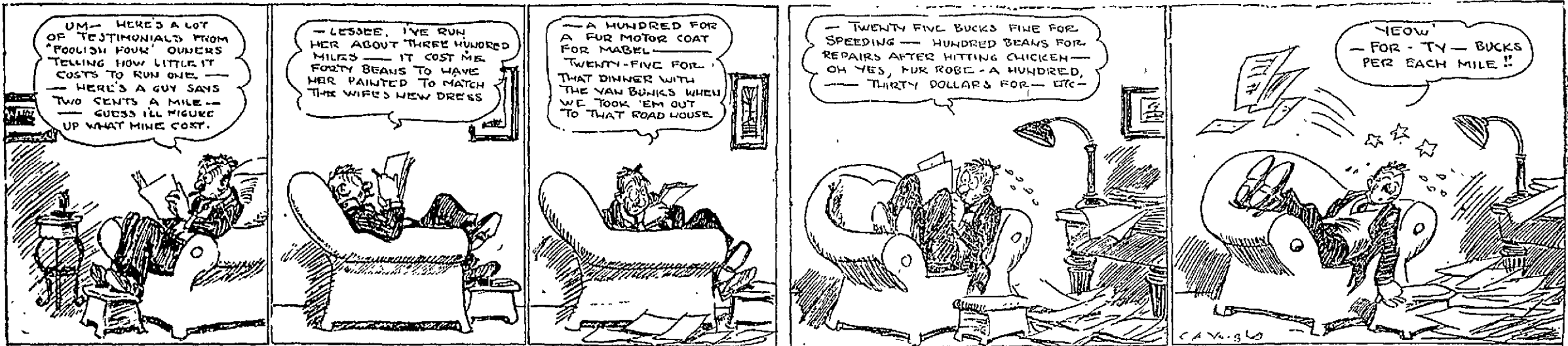
They start the bile and overcome constipation. That's why millions of boxes are sold annually at 70c and 25c per box—druggists.

Take one or two nightly and note the pleasant results.

The Olive Tablet Company, Columbus, Ohio.

PETEY DINK—Flourishing Up the Cost Is Bad for the Heart

By C. A. Voight.



BRITONS IN FEAR OF PROHIBITION BURY DRINKS IN BACK GARDENS

King George's Palaces Go "Dry," and War Alters Whole Mode of Table Life in Europe.

KING GEORGE'S palaces are now "dry." The royal command forbidding the consumption of any wines, spirits or beer in the homes of the British monarch went into effect April 18.

It is estimated that already about 120,000 other homes in Great Britain, and mostly among the well-to-do, have followed the example set by the king and Lord Kitchener in mounting the water wagon. "I Don't Booze" buttons are being prepared similar to those with the motto "No Drinks Between Meals" that were worn for awhile in England a few years ago.

How far the "stop drinking" movement is likely to spread among the working classes, whom it is intended to affect, cannot yet be foreseen. At present it does not appear to have found any warm welcome among the workers.

The Labor party has already come out with a strong demand for an early peace, but the leaders deny that they are actuated by the invasion of the laborer's liberty as a drinker.

The brewers and distillers are up in arms. They believe that the voluntary campaign will fail and fear that total prohibition for the entire nation is not far off. They know that if Kitchener gives the word not another tap will be turned nor beer drawn, and they are exerting all their enormous influence to prevent the word being spoken.

Which Is Harder Task?

While Great Britain is trying to enforce an embargo on food for the Germans, she is endeavoring to put an embargo on drink for her own people. Experts are uncertain as to which also will find the harder task.

Meanwhile some of the effects of these efforts are remarkable. They are no less striking in Germany and Austria than in England.

In Vienna, for instance, the government has figured it out that a bachelor can live on six slices of bread a day. He will be allowed to eat other things, but his bread may not exceed this quantity, which weighs 7 1/2 ounces, or about 12 ounces for each slice. For each slice the bachelor will have his card punched, or clipped if in coupon form. It is estimated that he can eat two slices for breakfast, one for lunch, one for the afternoon coffee and two for dinner.

These new rules for bachelors are also to apply to persons living alone without a household, and they were dated to go into effect on April 11. Until that day no Viennese householder was to be permitted to use more than 65 ounces of flour a day for each member of the family.

In England they are counting the cost of the battle against drink because the government has stated that, if it has to close up all the breweries and distilleries it will pay full compensation. The sort of sum this is likely to jump into may be estimated from the fact that the average expenditure even now per head of the population on drink is more than \$100 a year, counting men, women and babies.

Drink \$833,405,000 a Year.

The drink bill for the United Kingdom for 1913, the figures for which year are the latest issued, amounted to no less than the astounding sum of \$833,405,000. In 1912 the British nation's drink bill was \$807,790,653. It is believed that the 1914 one was correspondingly higher than that of 1913.

Thus the money spent on drink by the British people amounts to more than double the combined expenditures of the nation for its army and navy in times of peace.

From these figures it will be seen that if prohibition of the sale of liquor comes in Great Britain it will cause the biggest shock ever felt in that country. The brewers are pleading that British ale is a necessary part of a Briton's food. Some are saying the brew could not work without drink. Others declare that unless the non-drink and fulfilled their minds so that they do not require their conditions

Bachelors in Vienna Limited to Six Slices of Bread a Day, and Poor Have to Eat Straw.

they would not bear them. Probably the early British cave man had his cocktail, crude but comforting. It is a matter of historic record that the English were making merry on mead before the custom of staining one's self bright blue with woad began to be considered the classiest dress for the smart society people of those days.

The sudden shutting off of the sale of drink is certain to be dramatic. It is likely that it will be done at night by the police and the inland revenue officers, as happened in Russia. The general opinion is that such a method might do for the simple slaves, but would not "go" in England. But it is unlikely that the saloon keepers of Britain will be caught napping.

At any rate, in preparation for the dreary dry days wine and beer are already being hidden on an extensive scale. Beer is being buried in back yards, hidden in attics, stowed under colored coats and pushed up into unused chimneys. The suburban garden is being used for the purpose of storing and utilizing the moon for vespers teaching.

"I am a poor man," said a London bartender the other day, "but I can see what is coming, and I have mortgaged our home and laid in three groves of bottled whisky and half a dozen mules of Portland cement. I have hired a wagon, and we are going to drive down Easter Monday to a cottage in Kent where my misanthropic sister Emma lives. After we have buried the stuff I am going to lay a concrete block over it in case of need." "Zappella bombs?" he was asked. "No, sister-in-law's husband," he answered.

May Exempt Ireland.

There is some authority for a belief that Ireland will be exempt from prohibition, nominally because it is producing no munitions of war. The result certainly would be the discovery of an unprecedented scale of the superiority of Irish scenery and air and the subtlety and general suitability of Ireland for vacations.

"We shall have to change the war," some said the manager of a tourist agency. "Believe me, the morning that John Bull awakens to find prohibition gripping the land the nation will be singing, 'It's a short way to Tipperary.'"

Throughout the Easter holidays not only the church people, but business men and employers of labor, spent their vacation circulating petitions reading:

"I am entirely in favor of the suspension of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors during the war, which I consider imperative for a quick and successful termination of the war. I shall heartily support the government in any such measure."

Under the defense of the realm act the British government has power to enforce prohibition merely by an order of the king in council without any further appeal to parliament.

Sir Thomas Dewar, the whisky man, in defending the trade has declared prohibition an absolute failure in America. Sir William M. Ramsay, the scientist, denying this, says in a published statement that his experience in America converted him to the prohibition cause and asserts that, despite "blind tigers" and other ways of evasion, the effect is most beneficial.

Germans Find New Foods.

But, while the British are worrying about a possible total lack of drink, the Germans and Austrians are no less anxious about their food.

Germany's newest food material is straw soup. It is the result of invention by Hans Friedenthal, M. D., lecturer in the University of Berlin. The straw is reduced to flour by a special process. The indigestible and unpalatable cell walls are eliminated and the nutritive matter retained. It is served in a soup not unlike green pea soup and is even fit for baby food.

According to Vorwärts, all non-poisonous substances, including skin peellings and the bark of trees, may be converted into wholesome eating matter for man if thoroughly disintegrated and properly treated.

The war has taught the people of Vienna and the whole of Austria that maize is an article by no means to be despised. Even the poor women of the people, with scant purses, would at first refuse maize. "Fit for cattle and dogs only," they would say. But they had to eat it, and they quickly learned how.

Next potato flakes, shaved and dried, were mingled with the dough. They managed to eat that too. "Nothing like trying after all," said an old man after his first meal of such bread.

But it took a lot of talking, plotting, scheming of wiles with majority decrees, of lecturing, to work the change. The National Austrian Women's association took in hand the matter of lecturing. A thousand or more cooking and baking courses were established all over the empire, even in small towns and villages. Women of the highest aristocracy, like Archduchess Zita, Countess Hoyos and Countess Zamoyaska, took part.

This has altered the whole mode of table life of the Austrians who are by nature bent rather careless and thoughtless. Nothing now is wasted in foodstuff, no matter how little or how coarse.

OLYMPIC HERO DIES IN WAR.

Famous Quarter Mile Champion Succumbs to Wounds.

The latest British casualty list includes Lieutenant Halverson of the Highland Light Infantry, who died of wounds at the front. He was the famous quarter mile runner who won for Great Britain at the Olympic games at the stadium at Shepherd's Bush, London.

His victory was both unfortunate and sensational. In the second heat, it was alleged, he was barred off the track by the American Carpenter, and the latter was disqualified.

If Caesar Had a Phone.

Julius Caesar missed a great deal in not knowing the telephone or at least in not using it if he knew it. One can see the telephone engineer attached to the Roman postoffice endeavoring, but without avail, to get an instrument installed at the capital and at the palace. "I am interested by the emperor to say that he does not desire these barbarian novelties, and so Thomas Alfa Edison's need not call again with his magdalen's apparatus."

A signal blunder? We can imagine what would have happened. "Hello, 1287 Tibur? Is it thou, Artemidorus? I understand thou hast me up this morning. What? Details of a plot? Go not to the senate today? Beware of Brutus? Do not near Caesar? Right, and I thank thee, Artemidorus. I will have an extra guard put on instantly and the conspirators arrested." And so, although Artemidorus was unable to give his warning in the street, he gave it over the telephone, and Caesar's valuable life and with it the fortune of Rome was saved.—From "If They Had Thought of It" in Strand Magazine.

Throwing Dirty Water. An English legal periodical recently published an inquiry went to it by a lawyer as to the origin of a queer belief encountered by him—that it is no offense to throw water on a person, provided the water be dirty. A client of his, summoned for assault, had assured him that he had taken the precaution of putting a handful of dirt in the water before throwing it. Another correspondent suggested as the solution the ancient practice, before the days of drains and sewers, of throwing waste water into the street. When this practice was prevalent doubtless the fact that the water was dirty instead of clean was a circumstance tending to show that the wetting of the unfortunate passerby was a misadventure rather than by design.

No Late Hours There.

Guests—What possessed you to move away off here to the extreme edge of the city? Host—The trolley cars stop running at 10 p. m.

"What of that?" "Wait till you see my pretty daughters."—New York Weekly.

It is no small commendation to manage a little well. He is a good waggoner that can turn in a little room.—Bishop Hall.

Hunting Barmaids? If so, read our diverting columns and you will find them.

At the Theatres.



MCINTYRE & HEATH

The Solson

"THE BLACK BOX" TODAY. The second episode of "The Black Box" will be presented at the Solson Theatre today. This great serial has started off very nicely and should prove a good attraction. "The Black Box" is a two reel drama with Miss McKnight and James Vernon in the star parts. The Ray drama "The Maid of the Mist" is a really fine play. "Oliver's Hero" is a Sterling Juvenile comedy that will please everybody. Tomorrow, the beautiful actress, Miss Florence Nash, appears in the exquisite five act drama, "Springtime," a story of life in the South before the war.

"THE HAIN TREE"

It would be hard to find a more popular team of stage performers than Mr. McIntyre & Heath, who will give a performance at the Solson Theatre tomorrow evening, April 20th. In John Cort's stupendous revival of their greatest success, "The Hain Tree," it speaks volumes for the ability of the two stars, that they are able, year after year, to crowd the houses at which they appear with "The Hain Tree," which now has almost become synonymous with their names for in spite of occasional incursions into other fields, they always have come back to their old stand-by. Both McIntyre and Heath were born in the North, the former in Wisconsin and the latter in the Quaker City. By a strange chance both were also in their early youth taken to the South, where probably were laid the seeds for their future careers. After having each for himself obtained some experience upon the boards, chance finally, in 1874, brought them together and they have never been separated since. It seems that they were the first to introduce back-dancing dancing and began their famous line of the negro comedy type, in which to this day they stand pre-eminent. At the Solson Theatre tomorrow night.

An Exception.

Bix—No man ever succeeded in business who kept watching the clock. Dix—Oh, I don't know. There's the train dispatcher.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Poor Friends.

When one loves one's reputation it is never necessary to advertise it in the want columns. One's friends will advertise it for one as widely as possible.—Florida Times-Union.

The Globe

An unusually good bill is being presented today at the Globe Theatre. Miss Helen Gardner is appearing in "Under the Tree" tonight. Three act picture of interest, while Alice Joyce, the popular Kalam actress, is featured in "The Supreme Sacrifice," a two reel picture. Additional pictures will be shown.

Satirical.

Willis Willis—What's a "satirical touch" pa? Papa Willis—It's the fellow who barons money of you and then tells you about it whenever you meet.—Luck.

An Exception.

Bix—No man ever succeeded in business who kept watching the clock. Dix—Oh, I don't know. There's the train dispatcher.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Poor Friends.

When one loves one's reputation it is never necessary to advertise it in the want columns. One's friends will advertise it for one as widely as possible.—Florida Times-Union.

Efficient Service and Courteous Treatment

Has enabled us, within the past year, to double the number of our customers. Quite a number of persons and societies, with surplus funds, who do not want to tie up their money subject to the rules of a regular 4% account, are taking advantage of our special 3% account. If you are a customer at this bank you will always find us willing to extend any reasonable accommodation on satisfactory security.

Our Customers Always Receive the Preference. If you have a little ready money it will pay you to open an account with us, become acquainted, and take advantage of our service.

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of Connellsville, Pa. Main and Pittsburg Sts.
1% interest paid on Certificates and Time Deposits. Foreign Department equipped to give the best of service.

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Room 207, Title & Trust Building,
Connellsville, Pa.

WAVE OF RELIGION.

Searchlight Causes Big Revival in a Panama Hamlet.

War preparations were responsible recently for a temporary revival of religious enthusiasm in the hamlet of Chorrera in Panama. The searchlight installation at the Pacific forts of the canal has been completed and for several nights practice with the lights was in progress.

The great shafts of light in the sky were noticed at Chorrera, fifteen miles distant, and some of the inhabitants looked upon them as signals from heaven. A religious procession was formed and prayers were said in the church. The parish priest was not in town the first few nights.

When he returned he found it necessary to destroy the most remarkable revival in his memory by informing his people that the lights were not from heaven, but from the forts of the "Americans." The good man convinced his people, who straightway returned to the church and held a tumbour dance in the public square.

A Strange Punishment. Professor Petrie, the eminent Egyptologist, while exploring about thirty miles from Cairo, discovered a tomb of the twelfth dynasty that thieves had broken into thousands of years ago. A tragedy attended the robbery, as Professor Petrie also discovered. The Sunday School Times calls it "a tragedy of providential justice."

"It appears," says Professor Petrie, "that the plunderers removed only a few bricks, so that a man could crawl into the tomb. One of the men entered, opened the coffin, lifted the mummy and found it across the coffin, so that he could easily unwind the bandages. He first found a collar of beads, which he passed out into the shaft, where he found it. Then he came to the jewel (a beautiful work of gold and colored gems), and took it from the body. Before he could do anything more the roof apparently fell in and crushed him and the mummy. The other robbers, seeing the fate of their accomplice, abandoned the tomb and fled in the shaft to hide their guilt."

The explorers found the skeleton of the robber beside that of the mummy.

Homemade Barometer. To make a cheap but effective barometer take eight grams of pulverized camphor, four grams of pulverized nitrate of potassium, two grams of pulverized nitrate of ammonia, and dissolve them all in sixty grams of alcohol. Pour the whole lot in a long and slender bottle, the top of which should be closed with a piece of glass bladder—which your family butcher will give you gratis—containing a pin hole to admit air. When rain is about to visit you the solid particles of your liquid barometer will tend gradually to mount, little star crystals forming in the liquid, which otherwise would remain clear. Should high winds be approaching your barometer will become thick, as if fermenting, in addition to which a solid film of particles will form on the surface. Fair weather is indicated by the liquid remaining clear, with the solid particles settling into a firm sediment.—London Answers.

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Is simple, old-fashioned thrift—it attracts respect, breeds self-confidence and makes a man of him who practices it. This old, reliable bank offers safety and liberal interest. It opens an account.

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PENROD



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"Oh, nothing," said Penrod, with an indifference assumed at great cost to his nervous system.

The estate Maurice was inspired to set up a wit. "Then you're noddle," he shouted exultantly. "Penrod Schofield says he hasn't got noddle on under that old fog cap! He's noddle!"

The audience of little girls giggled frantically, and a janitor placed the forward of Penrod when he saw that the child Elaine, under curled and beautiful Marjorie Jones, lifted golden laughter to the world's best.

Other boys and girls came flocking to the upstart. "He's noddle, he's noddle!" shrieked the Child Sir Galahad. "Penrod Schofield's noddle! He's noddle!"

"Tush, tush," said Mrs. Lora Rowbush, pushing her way into the group. "Remember, we are all little knights and ladies of the Table Round would not make so much noise. Now, children, we must begin to take our places on the stage. Is everybody here?"

Penrod made his escape under cover of this diversion. He hid behind Mrs. Lora Rowbush and, being near a door, opened it unnoted and went out quickly, closing it behind him. He found himself in a narrow and vacant hallway which led to a door marked "Janitor's Room."

Buried with outrage, heart sick at the sweet, cold blooded laughter of Marjorie Jones, Penrod rested his elbows upon a window sill and speculated upon the effects of a leap from the second story. One of the reasons he had not done this was that he was a member of the school board, already he was a member of the school board, already he was a member of the school board.

At the moment in blue overalls passed the janitor, uttering to himself a faint, "Well, that's enough now," and, coming to Penrod an impression that some too feminine woman had been upon an unreasonable errand to the room. He went into the janitor's room and, emerging a moment later, he passed Penrod, who was standing with a face as white as a sheet. It seemed he said and made a closing exit to the door at the upper end of the hallway.

The janitor and delicate circle of a face, merrily smiling, was heard as the janitor opened and closed the door and stage light seized the boy. The orchestra began an overture, and at that Penrod, trembling violently, thrust down the hall into the janitor's room. It was a redoubt: there was no outlet save by the way he had come.

Deeply and he defied his mantle and looked down upon himself for a last, desperate assurance that the stockings were as securely and disgracefully Margaret's as they had seemed in the mirror at home. For a moment he was encouraged; perhaps he was no worse than some of the other boys. "Then he noticed the safety pin had opened; one of these connecting the stockings with his trunk. He set down to fasten it, and his eye fell for the first time with particular attention upon the trunk. Until this instant he had been preoccupied with the stockings.

Slowly recognition dawned in his eyes. "The Schofield's house stood on a corner at the intersection of two main traveled streets, the fence was low and the publicity obtained by the washable portion of the family apparel on Mondays had often been painful to Penrod, for boys have a peculiar sensitiveness in these matters. A plain, matter of fact washwoman, employed by Mrs. Schofield, never left anything to the imagination of the passerby, and of all her calm display the scold's flouting of his father's winter wear had most abashed Penrod. One day Marjorie Jones, all gold and starch, had passed when the dreadful things were on the line; Penrod had hidden himself, shuddering. The whole town, he was convinced, knew these garments intimately and derisively.

And now, as he sat in the janitor's chair, the horrible and paralyzing realization came. He had not an instant a doubt that every fellow actor, as well as every soul in the audience, would recognize what his mother and sister had put upon him. For as the awful truth became plain to himself it seemed blazoned to the world, and far, far louder than the stockings, the trunk did fairly bellow the grisly secret: whose they were and what they were.

Most people have suffered in a dream the experience of finding themselves very inadequately clad in the midst of a crowd of well dressed people, and such dreamers' sensation are comparable to Penrod's, though faintly, because Penrod was awake and in much too full-possession of the most active capacities for action.

A human male whose dress has been damaged, or reveals some vital lack, suffers from a hideous and shameful loneliness which makes every friend absolutely unbearable until he is again as others of his sex and species, and there is no act or sin whatever too desperate for him in his struggle to attain that condition. Also, there is absolutely no embarrassment possible to a woman which is comparable to that of a man under corresponding circumstances, and in this a boy is a man. Gazing upon the ghastly trunk, the stricken Penrod felt that he was a degree worse than nude, and a great horror of himself filled his soul.

"Penrod Schofield!" cried Mrs. Lora Rowbush angrily. The distracted boy rose, and as he did so a long pin sank deep into his back. He started, it was a pin, which brought to his ears a protracted and sonorous ripping, too easily located by a final gesture of horror.

"Penrod Schofield!" Mrs. Lora Rowbush had come out into the hallway. And now in this extremity, when all seemed lost indeed, particularly including honor, the dilating eyes of the outfall fell upon the blue overalls which the janitor had left hanging upon the door.

Inspiration and action were almost simultaneous.

CHAPTER III.

The Pageant of the Table Round. "PENROD!" Mrs. Lora Rowbush stood in the doorway, indignantly gazing upon a Child Sir Lancelot mounted to the horse. "Do you know that you have kept an audience of 500 people waiting for ten minutes?" She also detained the 500 while she spoke further.

"Well," said Penrod contentedly, as he followed her toward the buzzing stage. "I was just sitting there thinking."

Two minutes later the curtain rose on a medieval castle built richly deep in the new stage craft made in Germany and consisting of pink and blue chateaux. The Child King Arthur and the Child Queen Guinevere were disclosed upon thrones, with the Child Elaine and many other celebrities in attendance, while about fifteen Child Knights were seated at a dining room Table Round, which was covered with a large oriental rug, and displayed (for the knights' refreshment) a banquet service of silver loving cups and trophies, borrowed from the country club and some local automobile manufacturers.

In addition to this splendid, potted plants and palms have seldom been more lavishly used in any castle on the stage or off. The footlights were added by a "spot-light" from the rear of the hall, and the children were revealed in a blaze of glory.

A hushed, multitudinous "O-oh" of admiration came from the decorous



"Do you know that you have kept an audience of 500 people waiting for ten minutes?"

and delighted audience. Then the chil-

den sang feebly:

"Children of the Table Round,
Little knights and ladies we,
Let our voices all resound
Faith and hope and charity!"

The Child King Arthur rose, extended his scepter with the decisive gesture of a monarch and spake:
"Each little knight and lady born
Has noble deeds to perform
In this child-world of chivalry,
No matter how small his share may be.
Let each advance and tell in turn
What claim has each to knightly fame."

The Child Sir Mordred, the villain of this piece, rose in his place at the Table Round and plied the only lines ever written by Mrs. Lora Rowbush which Penrod Schofield could have pronounced without laughing. George Bassett, a really angelic boy, had been selected for the role of Mordred. His perfect conduct had earned for him the sardonic sobriquet "The Little Gentleman" among his boy acquaintances. (Naturally he had no friends.) Hence the other boys supposed that he had been selected for the wicked Mordred as a reward of virtue. He declaimed serenely:

"I, Child Sir Mordred the Child, and I teach
Lessons of selfishness, evil, and treach
Out into darkness. The darkness, unkind,
And ruthless is Mordred and unkind."

The Child Mordred was properly reprimanded and denied the accolade, though, like the others, he seemed to have assumed the title already. He made a plotter's exit, whereupon Maurice Levy rose, bowed, announced that he had selected the Child Sir Galahad and continued with perfect sang froid:

"I am the purest of the pure,
I have but kind thoughts each day.
I give my riches to the poor
And follow in the Master's way."

This elicited tokens of approval from the Child King Arthur, and he bade Maurice "stand forth" and come near the throne, a command obeyed with the easy grace of conscious merit.

It was Penrod's turn. He stepped back from his chair, the table between him and the audience, and began in a high, breathless monotone:

"I, Child Sir Lancelot du Lake, the Child, Gentle-hearted, meek and mild,
What though I'm but a little child,
Gentle-hearted, meek and mild,
I do my share, though, but—though but—"

Penrod paused and gasped. The voice of Mrs. Lora Rowbush was heard from the wings, prompting frantically, and the Child Sir Lancelot repeated:

"I do my share, though, but—though but—"

This also met the royal favor, and Penrod was bidden to join Sir Galahad at the throne. As he crossed the stage Mrs. Schofield whispered to Margaret:

"That boy! He's unplanned his mantle and fixed it to cover his whole costume. After we worked so hard to make it becoming!"

"Never mind. He'll have to take the cape off in a minute," retorted Margaret. She leaned forward suddenly, narrowing her eyes to see the better.

"What is that thing hanging about his left ankle?" she whispered anxiously. "How queer! He must have got tangled in something."

"Where?" asked Mrs. Schofield in alarm.

"His left foot. It makes him stumble. Don't you see? It looks—it looks like an elephant's foot!"

The Child Sir Lancelot and the Child Sir Galahad clasped hands before their child king. Penrod was conscious of a great relief; in a moment he would have to throw aside his mantle, but even so he was protected and sheltered in the human garment of a man. His stage fright had passed, for the audience was but an indistinguishable blur of darkness beyond the dazzling lights. His most repulsive speech (that in which he proclaimed himself a "rot") was over and done with, and now at last the small, moist hand of the Child Sir Galahad lay within his own. Craftily his brown fingers stole from Maurice's palm to the wrist. The two boys declined to consent.

"We are two children of the Table Round
Striving kindness all around
With love and good deeds striving ever
For the best."

May our little efforts ever be blessed.
Two little hearts we offer, see,
United in love, faith, hope and cheer—Ow!

The conclusion of the duet was marked. The Child Sir Galahad suddenly stiffened and, uttering an irrepressible shriek of anguish, gave a brief exhibition of the contortions of art. ("He's twisted his wrist! Don't you know?")

The voice of Mrs. Lora Rowbush was again heard from the wings. It sounded bloodthirsty. Penrod released his victim, and the Child King Arthur, somewhat disconcerted, extended his scepter and, with the assistance of the enraged prompter, said:

"Sweet child friends of the Table Round,
In brotherly love and kindness abound;
Let us all be happy and well,
Sir Galahad, too, as clear as bell,
No new way did your mantle say,
You shall be knighted this very day."

And Penrod doffed his mantle.

Simultaneously a thick and vasty gasp came from the audience, as from 5000 others in a wholly unexpected surfeit. This gasp was punctuated irregularly over the auditorium by imperfectly subdued screams both of dismay and incredulous joy and by two dismal shrieks. Altogether it was an extraordinary sound, a sound never to be forgotten by any one who heard it. It was almost as unforgettable as the sight which caused it, the word "slight" being here used in its vernacular sense, for Penrod, standing unmantled and revealed in all the medieval and artistic glory of the infantile blue overalls, falls within its meaning.

The janitor was a heavy man, and his overall upon Penrod were merely accidental. The boy was at once awed and lost within their blue guile and vast sagacious, and the left leg, too hastily rolled up, had descended with a distinctively elephantine effect, as Margaret had observed. Certainly the Child Sir Lancelot was at least a knight.

It was a sight of pure enail.

Next day Penrod acquired a dime by a simple and antique process which was without doubt sometimes practiced by the boys of Babylon. When the teacher of his class in Sunday school requested the weekly contribution Penrod, humbly, hurriedly to look so on a consciousness that the gentle lady told him not to mind and said she was often

forgetful herself. She was so sweet about it that, looking into the future, Penrod began to feel confident of a small but regular income.

At the close of the afternoon services he did not go home, but proceeded to squander the funds just withheld from China upon an orgy of the most pungently forbidden description. In a drug emporium near the church he purchased a five cent sack of candy consisting for the most part of the heavily flavored hoofs of horned cattle, but undeniably substantial, and so generously capable of resisting solution that the purchaser must needs be a gluttonous beyond reason who did not realize his money's worth.

Equipped with this collection Penrod contributed his remaining nickel to a picture show, commenced upon the seventh day by the legal but not the moral authorities. Here, in cozy darkness, he placidly insinuated his liver with jawbreaker upon jawbreaker from the paper sack and in a surfeit of content watched the silent action on the screen.

On the film made a lasting impression upon him. It depicted with relentless pathos the drunkard's progress, beginning with his conversion to beer in the company of low traveling men, pursuing him through an inexplicable lapse into evening clothes and the society of some remarkably painful ladies. Next, exhibiting the effects of alcohol on the victim's domestic disposition, the unfortunate man was seen in the act of striking his wife and, subsequently, his pleading baby daughter with an abnormally heavy walking stick. Their flight through the snow to seek the protection of a

prelate act is recognizable at sight; it bears the birthmark of immortality. But Penrod, that marvelous boy, had begun to declaim, even with the gesture of flinging off his mantle for the accolade:

"I, first, the Child Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Will volunteer to knighthood take,
And kneeling here before your throne
I vow to—"

He finished his speech unheard. The audience had recovered breath, but had lost self control, and there ensued something later described by a participant as a sort of cultured riot.

The actors in the "pageant" were not so discomfited by Penrod's costume as might have been expected. A few precocious geniuses perceived that the overalls were the Child Lancelot's own comment on maternal intentions, and these were profoundly impressed. They regarded him with the grisly admiration of young and ambitious criminals for a just mate about to be distinguished by hanging. But most of the children simply took it to be the case (a little strange, but startling) that Penrod's mother had dressed him like that—which is pathetic. They tried to go on with the "pageant."

They made a brief, manifold effort. But the irrepressible outbursts from the audience bewildered them. Every time Sir Lancelot du Lake the Child opened his mouth the great, shadowy house fell into an uproar and the children into confusion. Strong women and brave girls in the audience went into the lobby, shrieking and clinging to one another. Others remained, rocking in their seats, helpless and spent. The neighborhood of Mrs. Schofield and Margaret became terribly a desert. Friends of the author went behind the scenes and encountered a hitherto unknown phase of Mrs. Lora Rowbush. They said afterward that she hardly seemed to know what she was doing. She begged to be left alone somewhere with Penrod Schofield, for just a little while.

They led her away.

CHAPTER IV.

Evening.

THE sun was setting behind the back fence (though at a considerable distance) and the Child Sir Lancelot approached that fence and looked thoughtfully up at the top of it, apparently having in mind some purpose to climb up and sit there. Debutting this, he passed his fingers gently up and down the backs of his legs, and then something seemed to decide him not to sit anywhere. He leaned against the fence, sighed profoundly and gazed at Duke, his faithful dog.

The sigh was reminiscent. Episodes of simple pathos were passing before his favored eye. About the most painful was the vision of lovely Marjorie Jones, weeping with rage as the Child Sir Lancelot was dragged, insatiate, from the prostrate and howling Child Sir Galahad, after an onslaught delivered the previous instant the curtain began to fall upon the demoralized "pageant." And then—oh, pages! oh, women!—she slipped at the railroad's check, he was led past her by a respectful janitor, and turning, along her arms round the Child Sir Galahad's neck.

"Penrod Schofield, don't you dare ever speak to me again as long as you live!" Maurice's little white boots and gold tassels had done their work.

At home the late Child Sir Lancelot was assigned to a locked clothes closet of sending the arrival of his father. Mr. Schofield came, and shortly after there was put into practice an old patriarchal custom. It is a custom of inconceivable antiquity—probably primordial, certainly prehistoric, but still in vogue in some remaining citadels of the ancient simplicities of the republic.

And now, therefore, in the dusk, Penrod leaned against the fence and sighed.

His case is comparable to that of an adult who could have survived a similar experience. Looking back to the sidewalk box, fancy pictures this comparable adult a serious and inventive writer engaged in congenial literary activities in a private retreat. We see this period marked by the creation of some of the most virile passages of a work dealing exclusively in real purposes and huge primal impulses. We see this thoughtful man dragged from his calm seclusion to a horrifying publicity; forced to adopt the stage and, himself a writer, compelled to exploit the repulsive sentiments of an author not only personally distasteful to him, but whose whole method and school in belittlement he despised.

Penrod's case was a case of desperation and modesty to stealing a job of overalls. We conceive him to have ruled, then, his own reputation and to have utterly disengaged his family; next, to have engaged in the duel and to have been spurned by his ladylove, thus lost to him (according to her own declaration) forever. Finally, we must behold him impudently by the author's, the child degree and flagellation.

We conceive our man deciding that his career had been perhaps too even, and that he had condensed all of it into eight hours.

It appears that he had at least some shadowy perception of a recent fullness of life, for, as he leaned against the fence gazing upon his faithful Duke, he sighed again and murmured:

"Well, hasn't this been a day?"

But in a little while a star came out, freshly lighted, from the highest part of the sky, and Penrod, looking up, noticed it casually and a little drowsily.

He yawned. Then he sighed again, more, but not consciously. Evening had come; the day was over.

It was a sight of pure enail.

Next day Penrod acquired a dime by a simple and antique process which was without doubt sometimes practiced by the boys of Babylon. When the teacher of his class in Sunday school requested the weekly contribution Penrod, humbly, hurriedly to look so on a consciousness that the gentle lady told him not to mind and said she was often

forgetful herself. She was so sweet about it that, looking into the future, Penrod began to feel confident of a small but regular income.

At the close of the afternoon services he did not go home, but proceeded to squander the funds just withheld from China upon an orgy of the most pungently forbidden description. In a drug emporium near the church he purchased a five cent sack of candy consisting for the most part of the heavily flavored hoofs of horned cattle, but undeniably substantial, and so generously capable of resisting solution that the purchaser must needs be a gluttonous beyond reason who did not realize his money's worth.

Equipped with this collection Penrod contributed his remaining nickel to a picture show, commenced upon the seventh day by the legal but not the moral authorities. Here, in cozy darkness, he placidly insinuated his liver with jawbreaker upon jawbreaker from the paper sack and in a surfeit of content watched the silent action on the screen.

On the film made a lasting impression upon him. It depicted with relentless pathos the drunkard's progress, beginning with his conversion to beer in the company of low traveling men, pursuing him through an inexplicable lapse into evening clothes and the society of some remarkably painful ladies. Next, exhibiting the effects of alcohol on the victim's domestic disposition, the unfortunate man was seen in the act of striking his wife and, subsequently, his pleading baby daughter with an abnormally heavy walking stick. Their flight through the snow to seek the protection of a

prelate act is recognizable at sight; it bears the birthmark of immortality. But Penrod, that marvelous boy, had begun to declaim, even with the gesture of flinging off his mantle for the accolade:

"I, first, the Child Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Will volunteer to knighthood take,
And kneeling here before your throne
I vow to—"

He finished his speech unheard. The audience had recovered breath, but had lost self control, and there ensued something later described by a participant as a sort of cultured riot.

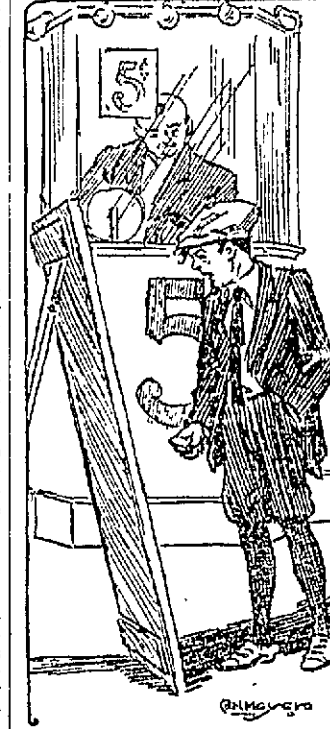
The actors in the "pageant" were not so discomfited by Penrod's costume as might have been expected. A few precocious geniuses perceived that the overalls were the Child Lancelot's own comment on maternal intentions, and these were profoundly impressed. They regarded him with the grisly admiration of young and ambitious criminals for a just mate about to be distinguished by hanging. But most of the children simply took it to be the case (a little strange, but startling) that Penrod's mother had dressed him like that—which is pathetic. They tried to go on with the "pageant."

They made a brief, manifold effort. But the irrepressible outbursts from the audience bewildered them. Every time Sir Lancelot du Lake the Child opened his mouth the great, shadowy house fell into an uproar and the children into confusion. Strong women and brave girls in the audience went into the lobby, shrieking and clinging to one another. Others remained, rocking in their seats, helpless and spent. The neighborhood of Mrs. Schofield and Margaret became terribly a desert. Friends of the author went behind the scenes and encountered a hitherto unknown phase of Mrs. Lora Rowbush. They said afterward that she hardly seemed to know what she was doing. She begged to be left alone somewhere with Penrod Schofield, for just a little while.

They led her away.

CHAPTER IV.

Evening.



Equipped With This Collection Penrod Contributed His Remaining Nickel to a Picture Show.

relative was shown and, finally, the drunkard's picturesque behavior at the portals of a madhouse.

So fascinated was Penrod that he postponed his departure until this film came round again, by which time he had finished his unsatiable repast and almost, but not quite, decided against following the profession of a drunkard when he grew up.

Emerging, satiated, from the theater, a public timepiece before a jeweler's shop confronted him with an unexpected and imminent perplexities.

How was he to explain at home these hours of dalliance? There was a steadfast rule that he return direct from Sunday school, and Sunday rules were important because on that day there was his father, always at home and at hand, perforce ready for action. One of the hardest conditions of boyhood is a almost continuous strain put upon the powers of invention by the constant and harassing necessity for explanations of every natural act.

Proceeding homeward through the deepening twilight as rapidly as possible at a half half sleep and half caution, Penrod made up his mind in what manner he would account for his long delay and as he drew nearer rehearsed in words the opening passage of his defense.

"Now, see here," he determined to begin. "I do not wish to be blamed for things I couldn't help nor any other boy. I was going along the street by a cottage and a lady put her head out of the window and said her husband was drunk and whipping her and her little girl, and she asked me wouldn't I come in and help hold him, so I went in and tried to get hold of the drunken lady's husband when he was whipping her baby daughter, but she wouldn't pay my attention, and I told her I ought to be getting home, but she kept on asking me to stay."

At the point he reached the corner of his own yard, where a coincident not only checked the rehearsal of his sequence but happily obliterated all occasion for it. A cab from the station drove up in front of the gate, and there descended a troubled lady in black and a fragile little girl about three.

Mrs. Schofield rushed from the house and entreated both in hospitable terms.

They were Penrod's Aunt Clara and her niece, Clara, from Dayton, Ohio.

In the flurry of their arrival, Clara forgot to put Penrod to the question.

It is doubtful, however, if he felt any relief; there may have been even a slight, a conscious disappointment, not to be so dis-influenced to that of an actor's part of a good part.

In the course of some really necessary preparations for dinner he was up to the kitchen from the yard and while he was in the kitchen he was asked by her rather than through a

Unusual Specials in Ready-to-Wear Apparel at the Retiring from Business Sale

Beautiful spring merchandise, including all the prevailing shades, and styles, are now being disposed of at remarkably low prices, at our Retiring from Business Sale.

Ladies' New Spring Suits

\$16.50 new spring suits, in all the leading shades and materials; handsomely tailored in Norfolk or plain styles, and skirts are made with flaring bottoms. Retiring Sale Price.....**\$9.75**

Ladies' Coats

\$8 and \$10 ladies' coats, in all the newest plaids, made with belt-effects, and flaring bottoms, also serges, crepes, covert cloths included. Retiring Sale Price.....**\$4.90**

Silk Poplin Dresses

EXTRA SPECIAL!—\$7.50 ladies' and misses' silk poplin dresses, in beautiful styles, all the leading shades, also circular-bottom skirts, colors—new blue, green, navy, sand, putty, old rose, black, etc. Retiring Sale Price.....**\$3.98**

Bazaar Dep't Store

ON PITTSBURG STREET.

CONNELLSVILLE.

lower. "When'd mamma and Aunt Clara and Cousin Clara come?"

"Not till she saw them from the window. She just happened to look out as they drove up. Aunt Clara telegraphed this morning, but it wasn't delivered."

"How long they got to stay?"

"I don't know."

Penrod ceased to rub his shining face and thoughtfully tossed the towel through the bathroom door. "Uncle John won't try to make 'em come back home, I guess, will he?" (Uncle John was Aunt Clara's husband, a successful manufacturer of stoves, and his lifelong regret was that he had not entered the Baptist ministry.) "He'll let 'em stay here quietly, won't he?"

"What are you talking about?" demanded Margaret, turning from her mirror. "Uncle John sent them here. Why shouldn't he let them stay?"

Penrod looked crestfallen. "Then he hasn't taken to drink?"

"Certainly not!" She emphasized the denial with a pretty peal of soprano laughter.

"Then why?" asked her brother gloomily, "why did Aunt Clara look so worried when she got here?"

"Good gracious! Don't people worry about anything except somebody's drinking? Where did you get such an idea?"

"Well," he persisted, "you don't know it ain't that."

She laughed again, whole heartedly. "Poor Uncle John! He won't even allow grape juice or ginger ale in his house. They came because they were afraid little Clara might catch the measles. She's very delicate, and there's such an epidemic of measles among the children over in Dayton the schools had to be closed. Uncle John got so worried that last night he dreamed about it, and this morning he couldn't stand it any longer and packed them off over here, though he thinks it's wicked to travel on Sunday. And Aunt Clara was worried when she got here because they'd forgotten to check her trunk, and it will have to be sent by express. Now, what in the name of common sense put it into your head that Uncle John had taken tea?"

"Nothing!" He turned listlessly away and went downstairs, a new-born hope dying in his bosom. Life seems so needlessly dull sometimes.

CHAPTER V.

School.

NEXT morning, when he had once more resumed the dreadful burden of education, it seemed infinitely duller. And yet what pleasant sight is there than a schoolroom well filled with children of those sprouting years just before the teens? The casual visitor, gazing from the teacher's platform upon those busy little heads, needs only a blunted memory to experience the most agreeable and exhilarating sensations.

Still, for the greater part the children are unconscious of the happiness of their condition, for nothing is more pathetically true than that we "never know when we are well off."

The boys in a public school are less aware of their happy state than are the girls, and of all the boys in his room probably Penrod himself had the least appreciation of his felicity.

He sat staring at an open page of a textbook, but not studying, not even reading, not even thinking. Nor was he lost in a reverie. His mind's eye was shut, as his physical eye might well have been, for the optic nerve, thenceforth with encephalic conveyance whatever of the printed page upon which the orb of vision was partially focused. Penrod was doing something very unusual and rare, something almost never accomplished except by colored people or by a boy in school on a spring day—he was doing nothing at all. He was merely a state of being.

From the street a sound stole in through the open window, and thence, through the vacuum of the vacuum, it stole into the vacuum of the vacuum. Penrod Schofield, for the sound was the spring song of a month or so, coming down the sidewalk. The was

dows were intentionally above the level of the eyes of the seated pupils, but the picture of the musician was plain to Penrod, painted for him by a quality in the runs and trills parading of the above, of the calloso and of cats in anguish—an excruciating sweetness obtained only by the wallowing, wallowing yellow-pink palm of a hand whose back was Kongo black and shiny. The music came down the street and passed beneath the window, accompanied by the care free shuffling of a pair of old shoes sending syncopations on the cement sidewalk. It passed into the distance; became faint and blurred; was gone. Emotion stirred in Penrod a great and painful desire, but (perhaps fortunately) no fairy godmother made her appearance. Otherwise Penrod would have gone down the street in a black skin, playing the mouth organ, and an unprepared colored youth would have found himself enjoying educational advantages for which he had no ambition whatever.

BUSY WEEK AHEAD FOR LEGISLATURE; BIG BILLS ARE UP

Local Option Fight Will
Come to a Head on
Wednesday.

MORE MONEY FOR THE CITIES

Measure Introduced Putting Into Effect
Amendment to Constitution In-
creasing Borrowing Power from 5
to 10 Per Cent of the Indebtedness.

JANESBURG, April 19.—More
important legislation is scheduled to
be acted upon this week than in any
week of the present session of the
General Assembly, special order resolu-
tions being made for some of the meas-
ures pending in the lower house. To-
night the Local Option bill, which has
been a center of legislative interest for
many weeks, will be taken up on
second reading and will be under con-
sideration that night which has been
brewing over it will occur on third
reading on Wednesday morning.

The bill to repeal the full crew act
of 1911 and to charge the public ser-
vice commission with supervision of
the running of trains will be on third
reading in the House tonight, one of
the most remarkable letter and circu-
lar campaigns ever waged in Pennsylv-
ania's legislative history having been
undertaken in its behalf.

Two of the bills to amend the public
service company law so as to remove
certain jurisdiction over municipali-
ties are scheduled for Tuesday, and
the bills favored by the commission to
give it power to suspend rates or to
cancel certain requirements in regard
to contracts will likely be reached on
second reading the same day.

In the Senate it is expected the com-
mission in charge of the child labor bill
will take action Wednesday, when a
series of hearings on various other
measures is scheduled.

Comparatively few hearings are
scheduled for House committees, and
the bulk of the committee work is
working to clear up their lists and the
demands for attending to the bills
for session. The House are greater
than at any time this session.

Appropriation bills have been sent
out to committees in each house, and
more will be reported this week.

Efforts to amend every county and
municipality in the state, except Phila-
delphia, to increase its borrowing
capacity from 7 to 10 per cent, to pro-
vide for the acquisition or construction
of water works, sewers or street
railways, have been introduced by
Senator Burke of Allegheny and Rep-
resentative Phillips of Clairfield. The
bills are to put into effect a constitu-
tional amendment adopted in 1913.

The Burke bill applies and to municip-
alities and provides that no obliga-
tions hereafter issued, or which may
be hereafter issued, for the purpose
outlined, shall be considered as a debt
of a municipality. If the net revenue
derived from such property for a
period of ten years, other than after
the acquisition thereof, shall
have been sufficient to pay interest and
sinking fund charges during that
period upon the obligations, or if the
obligations are secured by liens upon
the respective properties and shall have
been in operation for one year.

Increasing the indebtedness from 7
to 10 per cent of any municipality,
can only be done where three-fourths
of the electors voting in election
for that purpose, assent to the propo-
sition.

Where a municipality issues obliga-
tions to provide for the construction
of such properties, the municipality
also may issue obligations to provide
for the interest and sinking fund
charges accruing thereon, until the
properties are completed and in opera-
tion for one year. The municipality
shall not be required to levy a tax to
pay such interest and sinking fund
charges until after the property has
been in operation for one year.

The Phillips bill contains the same
provisions but applies to both coun-
ty and municipal bonds.

The House will have up for second
reading tonight a bill presented by
Representative Walsh of Philadelphia,
requiring superintendents of Sun-
day schools, public and parochial
schools, to cooperate with health
authorities in restricting the move-
ments of persons who have been in
contact with contagious diseases. A
fine of from \$20 to \$100 or impris-
onment of from 10 to 30 days or both
and imprisonment, is provided for
Sunday school superintendents who
violate the act. Teachers or prin-
ciples of public or parochial schools,
janitors, sextons, parents or guar-
dians, are subject to the same pen-
alties. The bill provides that no child
of other persons suffering from any
of a number of contagious diseases
enumerated shall be permitted to at-
tend any public, private, parochial or
Sunday school, and the teachers or
superintendents are required to ex-
clude them during the quarantine
period. They are also required to re-
port any pupils exhibiting unusual
rash or skin eruption or sore throat.

The Senate will have up for consid-
eration on first reading tonight a bill
introduced by Senator James H. Mc-
Nichol of Philadelphia, amending the
non-partisan act of 1913 in relation
to the nomination and election of
judges. The bill opens the way for
the three places on the superior court
bench this fall to make their election
sure by securing 51 per cent of the
vote cast at the primaries.

The Tompkins bill, repealing the
non-partisan act, has been sent back
to the Senate elections committee, and
probably will be permitted to remain
there. This is the bill opposed by
Pittsburghers.

No Japanese Base Found
WASHINGTON, April 19.—Com-
mander Nimitz, leader of the Navy
Department yesterday he had investi-
gated the Japanese naval activity in Tur-
key, Lower California, and found
no indication of other than casual
work on the stranded cruiser Asama.

DICKERSON RUN.

DICKERSON RUN, April 19.—Mrs.
Annie Young were calling on Pitts-
burg friends Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Deady were
shopping in Connellsville Saturday af-
ternoon.

Edward Snyder, of Dawson, was
calling on Vanderbilt friends Saturday
evening.

William Paul of Vanderbilt, was a
Connellsville business caller Saturday
evening.

Earl Lint, of McKeesport, is
spending a few days here visiting his
grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. N.
Lint.

Allen Shillinger of Vanderbilt, is
transacting business at Uniontown to-
day.

Miss Kathryn Rademan, of Con-
nellsville, spent Sunday here the
guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Fisher.

Mrs. A. Conley was shopping in Con-
nellsville Saturday afternoon.

Arthur Fulton of McKeesport, spent
Sunday here the guest of friends.

William Knight of Nellie Mines, was a
Connellsville business caller Satur-
day evening.

The Pittsburgh & Lake Erie railroad
has a large force of men setting poles
for their new telegraph and telephone
line which will be from Connellsville
and Pittsburgh.

Harry Sullivan returned to his home
at Whitsett after a very pleasant visit
here with friends.

Mrs. Bogie Evans of McKeesport, is
spending a few days here visiting her
sister, Mrs. George McGibony.

Rev. Levergood of Dawson, was
calling on Connellsville friends yes-
terday.

Miss Margaret Donnelly, of Con-
nellsville, spent Sunday here the
guest of the Misses Estella and Irene
Dunlap.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coughenour
of Connellsville, were the guests of
the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J.
T. Deady of Vanderbilt.

Lloyd Fletcher, spent Sunday here
the guest of friends.

Mrs. Charles Gail of Dawson, was
calling on Vanderbilt friends Sunday.

DUNBAR.

DUNBAR, April 19.—Mr. and Mrs.
Milton Carroll and family of Union-
town motored here Sunday and were
the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Car-
roll of Connellsville street.

Go to D. C. Eason for wall paper.

—Adv.

George H. Swearingen visited rela-
tives in Uniontown Sunday.

J. S. Carroll and daughter, Mrs.
Clara, visited friends and relatives in
Scottsdale yesterday.

Andrew Wharton and family and
Ewing, Charles and J. Donald Mar-
tin spent Sunday visiting relatives in
Scottsdale.

—Adv.

William Horron, who has
been a patient in the Allegheny Gen-
eral Hospital, Pittsburgh, returned
home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wishart of
Trenton motored here Sunday.

Mrs. W. L. Seaman and Mrs.
Margaret Carr and Miss Rachel Seaman
were shopping in Connellsville
Saturday.

Miss Theresa Dally and Guide Gen-
telle spent to Columbus, Pa. Sunday
and were married. Miss Dally was
clerk in Silverman's drug store, and
Mr. Gentile is a tailor of Connellsville
street.

Word was received here yesterday
of the illness of Mrs. Elizabeth Car-
wright of Greensburg.

S. C. Williams of Uniontown was
the guest of W. L. Seaman, Sunday.

PERRYOPOLIS.

PERRYOPOLIS, April 18.—Dr. and
Mrs. Palmer and daughter, Margaret,
Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert of Monaca, and
Mr. and Mrs. Porter and daughter
Elizabeth of Greensburg were guests
of Miss Mollie Fette on Sunday after-
noon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ester Lint of Victoria,
called on town friends yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Gaskill of
Woodstock, were visiting their daugh-
ter, Mrs. O. P. Murphy yesterday.

T. A. Marsh of Washington, Pa., is
visiting friends in town.

Albert Bamster is suffering with a
painful injury to his knee, by being
thrown from a buggy on Friday even-
ing. He will not be able to work for
some time.

Mrs. Frances Cape has returned to
her home at Scottsdale, after a visit
with friends here.

Miss Ola Christ has returned home
from a week's visit with friends at
Kedler.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Stichel of Star
Junction, were town callers yesterday.

Miss Katherine Fette of Browns-
ville, spent Sunday at her home here.

DAWSON.

DAWSON, April 19.—Miss Lou
Futrell and Miss Margaret Melton
were Connellsville callers Sunday.

W. J. Jones spent Saturday in
Pittsburg.

W. J. Jones and family motored
to Irwin Sunday.

W. B. Newmeyer of Carmichaels
spent Sunday here with his family.

Howard Smith of Connellsville was a
Dawson caller Sunday.

Misses Mary and Gladys Porter
were Connellsville callers Saturday.

C. C. Kien was a Pittsburg caller
Saturday.

Miss Alice Wilson of Pittsburg is
visiting Miss Helen Rush.

Dr. J. J. Bell and G. E. Moore were
recent Brownsville callers.

Miss Mary Mone was a Connell-
sville caller Saturday.

Earl Porter was a Connellsville caller
Saturday.

Orban Carson of Star Junction was a
recent Dawson caller.

Mabel Edwards of Vanderbilt was a
Dawson caller Sunday.

Edward Howard and William Her-
of Scotland were here Sunday.

Card of Thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hattenfield
wish to thank their friends and
neighbors for the kindness and sym-
pathy shown during their recent
bereavement, especially do they wish
to thank the members of the O. R. C. for
their assistance as well as the minister,
choir and those who contributed
flowers.—Adv.

Read The Daily Courier.

\$ Foundations \$ for Fortunes \$

Are right here in the advertising
columns of this paper.
If what you're selling has merit,
ADVERTISE IT.
An ad. will sell it for you.

SOISSON THEATRE

"THE HOUSE OF LILIES"

TODAY

THE SECOND EPISODE OF
"THE BLACK BOX"

MURDOCK McQUARRIE AND AGNES VERNON IN THE TWO
REEL DRAMA

"THE CAMEO RING"

THE BEAUTIFUL REN DRAMA

"THE MAID OF THE MIST"

THE STERLING JUVENILE COMEDY

"OLIVE'S HERO"

TOMORROW

McINTYRE and HEATH in The Great Musical Success
"THE HAM TRE"

SOISSON THEATRE

TUESDAY, APRIL 20.

JOHN CORT PRESENTS
McINTYRE and HEATH
IN THE NEW EDITION OF THEIR BIGGEST
MUSICAL COMEDY SUCCESS
The HAM TRE
THE WORLD'S
GREATEST
LAUGHING CHORD
EVERY MINUTE
A LAUGH OR
A WHISTLE
BOOK BY GEORGE V. HOBART LYRICS BY WILLIAM JEROME MUSIC BY JEAN SCHWARTZ

Prices 25c to \$2. Mail Orders Now.
Seat Sale at Theatre.

NO FREE LIST.

The Store With
The New Styles First.

WRIGHT-METZLER CO.

Nine A. M.
A Good Time to Shop.

Anniversary Sale

Last Day--Tuesday, April 20



Muslin Underwear

Buy It Now and Save

Such prices are very unusual when quality and value
are carefully considered. Materials are muslin, cambric,
longcloth and flannelette cloth trimmed in lace embroidery,
braiding and ribbon.

Envelope Chemise

Lace and Embroidery Trimmed

The garments that regularly sell for \$1.50 are
marked for this sale \$1.11
The values you usually pay \$2.50 for
are now only \$2.11
For one day more regular \$3.50 values may
be had for only \$3.11

Corset Cover and Drawer Combinations

Combinations that formerly sold for \$1.50
now sell for \$1.11
Regular \$2.50 values in best combinations
are now only \$2.11
\$3.50 combinations of exceptional quality
are marked for Tuesday \$3.11

DOMESTICS

- 2 yards Lancaster Ginghams 11c
- Curtain Sertin 11c
- 36 inches wide 11c
- Cover-All Aprons 44c
- 50c values 44c
- New Cloth, 25c 15c
- 81x90 Harvard Bleached 55c
- 81x90 55c
- 81x90 Peppercorn 55c
- at 55c
- 25c Ginghams 17c
- at 17c
- 12 1/2c Dress Ginghams 11c
- 3 yards Cheviot Ginghams 22c
- at 22c
- 12 1/2c Percales 11c
- at 11c
- 12 1/2c Curtain Sates 11c
- at 11c
- 12 1/2c Plain and Fancy 11c
- Shirtings at 11c
- 12 1/2c Huck Towels 11c
- at 11c
- 36 inch Fern Muslin 11c
- at 11c
- 36-inch Soft Indian Head 11c
- at 11c
- 36-inch White Percale 11c
- at 11c
- 36-in. Hitt's Muslin, 13 yds. 99c
- at 99c
- 9-1 Peppercorn sheeting 22c
- at 22c



Dainty and Varied Are the Spring Hats

With New Colors, Pretty Trimmings

There is a charming model here for every woman and girl,
whether she prefers something daintily original or a more
conservative style. Women of fashion will quickly appreciate
this wealth of colors and materials.

One lot children's hats of
Java and Hemp. Trimmed
with ribbons and flowers.
Regular \$3.00 value
now only \$2.11

One lot ladies' and misses'
hats of Hemp, Milan and
Java. Trimmed with flower
wreaths and rib-
bons. \$3.11

One lot ladies' trimmed
hats, \$5.00 to \$6.50 was the
original price,
only \$4.11

One lot trimmed hats, for-
mally selling for \$7 to \$8.00.
For Tuesday \$5.11

One very special lot that
sell regularly for \$10.00. On
Tuesday only \$8.11

Another very special lot as-
sessment of hats selling regu-
larly for \$12.50 to \$14.00. For
Tuesday only \$11.00

Save Money Now on That New Rug

For The Dining Room

or it may be the living room you have in mind. Whichever the room,
we have the proper quality in colors and patterns you like best.
Better buy it now, and here, while Anniversary Sale Prices still
prevail.

- \$65 and \$80 French Wiltons
and Turlans (9x12) \$49.11
- \$50 and \$45 Wil-
tons (9x12) \$34.11
- \$37.50 Worsted
Wiltons (9x12) \$29.11
- \$27.50 Body Brus-
sels Rugs (9x12) \$23.11
- \$30.00 Seamless
Wiltons (9x12) \$22.11
- \$25.00 B. B. Rugs
(9x12) \$21.11
- \$27.50 extra qual-
ity Ax. (9x12) \$21.11
- \$25 high grade Seaml-
ess Rugs (9x12) \$19.11
- \$20.00 Roxbury full 10-wide
Tap Rugs (9x12) \$16.11
- \$16.50 Seamless Wool Tape-
stry Rugs (9x12) \$12.11
- \$12.50 all-wool Tap
Rug (9x12) \$9.11

Wright-Metzler Co.

ARE YOU READING OUR NEW SERIAL "PENROD?"